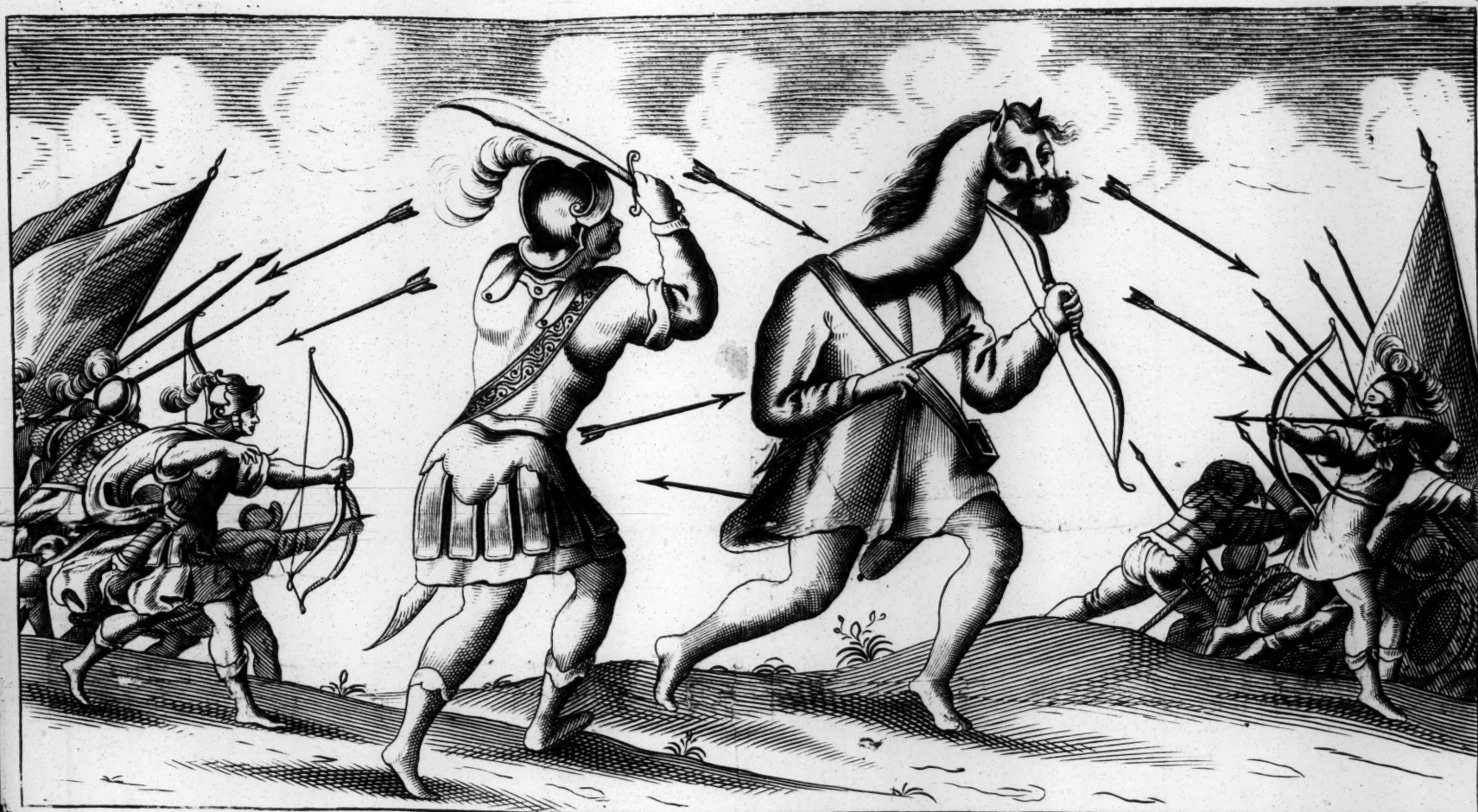


THE  
EXACT EFFIGIES  
OF A  
Monstrous Tartar  
TAKEN IN  
HUNGARY  
By the Valour of the Noble  
COUNT SERINI.  
February, 1664.



**B**less us ! what have we here ! what Prodigy  
Is this that is presented to my eye ?  
Such Monstrous shape & form, we may inquire

Whether or Man or Horse he had to Sire  
Like those mishapen things call'd *Centaur*s, who  
The Poets feign'd were Men and Horses too.  
Monster of Nature, wonder of our Age,  
Sure *Mandevil* in all his Pilgrimage  
Nere saw thy Like, nor yet have we e're read  
That fruitful *Affrick* such a Monster bred :  
Who dares encounter with thy mighty Force  
That 'gainst thy Foe doth bring both man and Horse ?  
Hadst thou been here when *Rebell Rump* bore sway,  
Thou might'st of them have had a Troopers pay,  
For when the Devil no longer for them stood,  
The Devils Picture might have done them good,  
And frighted *Lambert* with that Look of thine,  
The Devil should come for him before his time,  
And *Warreston* that mickle man of might  
Had ran away from such a dreadful Sight.

But see that Champion of Christendom,  
*Serini*, how he makes the Monster run ;  
*Tartars*, nor *Turks*, nay Devils don't inherit  
Valour enough to daunt so brave a Spirit ;  
He like to *Cæsar* Conquers where he comes,  
And by his Valour Monsters from him runs.  
His single Sword doth make whole Troopes to fly,  
And by his hand Thousands of Pagans die.

Not those feign'd Hero's whom the times of Old  
Have in Fames Golden Legend so enroll'd,  
For matchless Valour ; all their feigned Story  
Comes short of Noble Count *Serini*'s Glory.

Go on brave Soul, and Prosper in thy way,  
Make *Turks* to Tremble, Monsters Thee Obey ;  
Till thou as many of the *Turks* hast Slain  
As ever did that *Scythian Tamberlain* ;  
And that they from thy Name do run with dread,  
As once they did from Noble *Scanderbeg* :  
Let Victory attend upon thy Name,  
And live triumphant in the Book of Fame.